

Seasons of My Life by eringilbert

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Summary:

Steve's life before, during, and after the faithful events of 1983

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

Ok so recently I had a little bit of a head injury so I'm writing this to pass the time I'm off of school. Due to the fact that I am very tired as I'm writing this, this chapter may be edited. I just had to get this idea down before I slept! Of course I don't own ST but it's better to stay safe then sorry.

Also I apologize if this ends up being venty :/

The fall of 1966 was a particularly important one for the Harringtons. After years of trying and praying, the wife Mariam finally was able to conceive a child. The delivery was rocky and nerve wracking, but on October 1st, their first child Abigail Erin Harrington was introduced to the world.

Abigail immediately was shown as a girly girl. When given, she would always play with Barbie dolls and hopped around in tutus. She was the doting daughter Francis and Mariam always wanted. However, that was simply an act. She actually hated all the toys and clothes her parents gave her. All she wanted was to join the Morrison twins outside, despite the fact that her father didn't want her "to get all scraped up and ruin that beautiful face," as he said. Ick!

There was also something else. She couldn't pinpoint exactly what it was, but it was a kind of uneasiness, awkwardness, uncomfortableness in her own skin. An inner feeling that something was wrong with her. Abigail was scared and confused and afraid that these feelings wouldn't go away any time soon.

Mariam brushed this off as growing pains.

Abigail knew it had to be something. She just didn't realize it. Well, not until she decided to take up her friend Ginny's offer to go to the local record store when she was nine.

"Isn't this the most magical place?" Ginny said to a nervous Abigail as

they entered the store. She wasn't used to being out with friends, much less being out with friends without a parent. However, Ginny's parents were far less strict than Abigail's, and the latter's parents were out of town. Some place called Hawktail or something. Either way, she finally felt like she had personal space now that they were gone. However, she began to feel like she got in over her head

She looked around nervously. "Yes," she meekly said, "it's cool." Ginny flashed a toothy smile.

As Ginny perused the store, Abigail approached the new releases stand. She turned it for a while before finding a pale single. On the cover featured three men and two women, all inside a circle. However, what grabbed her eye was the fact that she could pronounce the writing on the disc. Abigail grabbed the single and approached the cashier.

"Excuse me," she said as she balanced on her tippy toes to see the man, "can you please help me say this?"

The man, an older one with long grey hair, grabbed the disc and examined it. "Ah, yes!" he said, "this beauty is 'Rhiannon' by Fleetwood Mac."

Ree Anne Un?

"That sounds weird," the girl said. The man chuckled and said, "would you like to hear it? Ive got a player all set up over here." He gestured to a record player that looked similar to the one her father had. Abigail nodded, and the man took the disc out of the package and put it on the player.

The song started off unremarkably, but suddenly a woman's voice appeared. Abigail became entranced by this woman's voice, not even paying attention to the instrumentals or even Ginny poking her arm to signify that they had to leave. All Abigail wanted was to hear this majestic voice forever and always.

Suddenly, the record stopped. It was over. Abigail had never been so disappointed in her life.

"That Nicks girl sure does have some pipes!" the man quipped after he picked up the disc and put it back in its sleeve.

Despite Ginny graduating from poking to arm pulling, Abigail stayed rooted to her spot, still awestruck. "Nicks?" she asked.

"Stevie Nicks. One of the members of that band you just heard. She was the one singing," the man said. Just as he got up, he stood there for a second and sat back down. "Tell you what, kid. How about I give this to you for free, since you looked so moved by it," the man asked. Abigail's jaw dropped.

"Aren't you supposed to pay for it?" she replied. Father always said that you had to pay for things you wanted.

"I insist," he handed her the sleeve and smiled. Abigail hesitated, but slowly took the disc from his hands and began walking out the door with Ginny. As they walked back to Ginny's home, she thought about the woman singing. She had such an amazing name. She never wanted to forget it. Abigail had such bad memory issues; the only way she could remember things was if she repeated them many times. However, this was a bit embarrassing and a source of bullying from her classmates, so she kept it as secret as possible.

When they arrived at Ginny's house, Abigail immediately went to the bathroom. She looked at herself in the mirror and began repeating the name.

"Stevie. Stevie. Stevie," she kept saying. Unfortunately, it just didn't feel the same out loud than in her head. She repeated the name again trying to get herself used to the name. "Stevie. Stevie. Steve."

A knock.

"ARE YOU OKAY IN THERE?" Ginny yelled outside the door. Abigail opened the door and peaked out. Ginny had her arms crossed, looking irritated. Abigail apologized, said she had to go to the bathroom very badly, and closed the door. To make Ginny believe her, she flushed the toilet and washed her hands. Why did she have to interrupt? As Abigail began to get irritated, she realized something; she was in the middle of saying the name when Ginny

came.

Was she...responding?

After a moment's time, she remembered what she was saying when she was interrupted. Steve.

Steve.

Steve. Steve. Steve. Steve. Steve.

Abigail liked the sound of that.

2. Chapter 2

Summary for the Chapter:

A phone call is made

Notes for the Chapter:

Phew! Thank you guys so much for actually liking and reading my fic? It means so much, especially since I have recently gotten a massive writer's block. Anyways, enjoy the chapter!

(also, does anybody know how to do italics?)

He had never driven that fast home in his entire life, and that says a lot.

Pretty sure that he had broken a world record, a young man jumped out of his car as soon as the engine turned off. He unlocked the front door and ran straight upstairs as soon as the door was locked again. Almost immediately after he entered his room, he threw off his backpack, accidentally knocking his bed stand in the process.

He practically tore his shirt over his head and stared at himself in the mirror. His chest was already beginning to bruise from the bandages. Steve Harrington began unwrapping them at a rapid pace, desperate to get off the god forsaken things.

Steve threw them at his mirror before sitting on his bed. "Fuck, fuck, fuck," he repeated to himself. She had felt them. Nancy Wheeler, the prettiest and smartest girl in school. How could he do this to himself?

He. Himself. Steve chuckled and shook his head. He was a she, himself was meant to reference herself. This had to be some kind of game. Steve - no, Abigail - had breasts and a vagina. Signs of a woman, a girl, a daughter, someone who wasn't a man.

Wait? What was he saying? Of course he was a guy. Steve gently hit his head with his palm. He needed to get out of his own head sometimes, especially now. He grabbed his shirt and put it on again

without the bandages. "Let yourself heal," he said to himself. Sure passing was great, but personal wellbeing is even better.

He got up and went to his closet, digging through the various clothes before finally finding a large box. He opened it up to find various records and discs. Steve flipped through them before finding a large white and black sleeve. He took it out carefully, placing the disc onto his turntable. The needle was carefully placed on the second strip on Side B. A calming strumming of an acoustic guitar filled the room. That was before a woman's voice joined in, almost like a whisper.

"I took my love, I took it down
Climbed a mountain and I turned around
And I saw my reflection in the snow covered hills
'Til the landslide brought it down"

Steve closed his eyes.

"Oh, mirror in the sky, what is love?
Can the child within my heart rise above?
Can I sail through the changin' ocean tides?
Can I handle the seasons of my life?"

Steve thought of the day him and his parents first moved to Hawkins. He was ten, only a year after that day in the record store. He had lost contact with Ginny, but perhaps that was for the best. Even as a nine year old, she wasn't the most accepting person. He thought of the move as a new beginning. A chance to rewrite history and become this Steve that Abigail had begun to envision.

"Well, I've been afraid of changin'
'Cause I've built my life around you
But time makes you bolder
Even children get older
And I'm getting older, too"

Steve thought about Nancy. She was one of the first people he had ever felt...well, feelings for. Although they had been in each other's presence for years since Steve's arrival, they had only just recently began to converse. Nancy had offered her tutoring services to help him with math, and being the go-getter he was, he decided to finally

make moves on her.

He drifted off thinking about her. Her lips, her hair, her cute little nose, her figure, her.

Steve didn't know how long he was asleep when his bedroom phone rang.

The record had long stopped playing. He looked over at his bedside clock. 6:24 pm. Yikes. He still had a bunch of homework to do. He got up to his phone and answered with a quick, "Hello?"

"Hi, Steve." It was Nancy.

Fuck.

"Oh, hey!" Steve responded, trying to act as natural as possible.

"Listen, I just wanted to say," she began. Steve felt his chest tighten up and he held his breath. This is it. She knows now and she hates me and doesn't want anything to do with me.

Nancy continued to talk. "I can't make it to our session tomorrow. Gotta pick my brother and his friends up from some kind of special AV Club meeting tomorrow."

Steve had never felt this much relief in his entire life.

"Oh!" he responded.

"Yeah, I'm really sorry again," Nancy said. "Well, I guess I'll see you in class tomorrow?"

"Definitely," Steve replied.

"Okay," she said. "Oh wait! Steve, I also wanted to talk about earlier."

And here comes back the panic. Steve immediately began to sweat, anticipating the pain to come.

"I'm sorry if it seemed like I was being invasive. I guess I was just caught up in the moment," Nancy continued, "but that's no excuse. If

there's anything I can do to help, let me know, okay?"

Steve was speechless. She was...okay with it? With him?

"There's no need to apologize, Nance!" he replied a little too fast and eager.

"Yeah there is. OH MY GOD! Anyways, I gotta go," she said, "MIKE! TELL WILL NOT TO WALK IN MY ROOM EVER AGAIN!"

Steve heard a faint "I THOUGHT THIS WAS THE BATHROOM!" in the background.

"So, see you tomorrow?" Steve asked.

"See you tomorrow. Bye," Nancy rushed. She hung up rather forcefully, too preoccupied with the confused boy who, despite being friends with Mike for years, still doesn't understand where all the bathrooms are in the house.

Steve held his phone for a minute even after she had hung up. If Nancy Wheeler can't be bothered by it, nobody could, right? In that moment, Steve Harrington felt like nothing can bring him down, not even his homework.